Amintors Answer to Parthenia's Complaint:

OR, The Wronged Shepherds Vindication.

This answer to the Nimph he doth return,
Since that he hath more cause then she, to mourn:
And so against all women doth complain,
For having met with some who were to blame:
As by this Satire *you may find it, when*
he proves that women are more false then men.

To a New Tune, Or, Sitting beyond a River side, *&c.* *With Allowance.*

UNder a pleasant Willow shade,
Amintor sat and heard the Maid;
And unto her he did reply,
Oh why Parthenia! prithee tell me why
You do complain so grievously,
Since Men are not so false as women be.

When as in Love we use our Arts,
We find you have obdurate hearts,
Although at first our flames do burn,
Like winters morning into frost you turn:
So by the Consequence you see,
That men are not so false as women be.

Why should a man confined be,
To such a piece of vanity?
Or doat upon a tempting snare,
That nature hath at unawares made fair
No, cast them off, for you will see,
That men are not so false as women be.

They love, they fawn, they sigh, they pray
And yet will turn to hate next day;
The more you sue, the more they shun,
By which poor shepherds are undone:
So that by Consequence you see,
That men are not so false as women be.

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By which poor shepherds are undone:
So that by Consequence you see,
That men are not so false as women be.

They think the God of Love allows,
they should be false & break their *Vows*,
It is a miracle to find,
One of a thousand bear a constant mind:
Therefore you may confess with me,
That men are not so false as women be.

They'l say they love, but not tell when,
They'l give a heart and tak't agen:
If you intreat, and sue, and pray,
they turn their heads & look another way:
So that by Consequence you see,
That men are not so false as women be.

If that they see you pine and dye,
They'l triumph in your misery,
No pitty lies in frown nor lile,
their wavering minds are al so full of guile
Therefore you may confess with me,
That men are not so false as women be.

Too much experience I have have had,
That few are good, too many bad,
Though like a Skeleton you appear,
A cruel Nymph shall never wop a tear,
Therefore by consequence you see,
That men are not so false as women be.

Though Cupid bid them love again,
Yet they so stupid do remain
For Love they cruelty will show,
And scorn for to submit unto his Bow:
So by the Sequel you may see,
That men are not so false as women be.

Then let not any Shepherd Swain,
Hereafter value their disdain,
Since woman is so vain a toy,
We'l find some other pastime to enjoy:
For why by this you plainly see,
That men are not so false as women be.

Their Syren Voices I'le not hear,
Nor from my eyes let fall tear:
Now Cupids Shaft I will defie,
For wounding me with Love, to make me dye.
Since that you may confess with me,
That men are not so false as women be.

Thus to all Nymphs I'le bid adieu,
Until I find out one that's true:
Or in some Grove I'le be confin'd
to cure my grief, & ease my troubled mind
For now you must confess and see,
That men are not so false as women be.

FINIS,

Printed for *P. Brooksby* in *West-smithfield.*

Amintors Answer to Parthenias Complaint:

OR,

The Wronged Shepherds Vindication.

This Answer to the Nymph he doth return,
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Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *West-smithfield*, neer the *Hospital-Gate*.